Infection - 'doesn't have the energy to argue'

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Infection - 'doesn't have the energy to argue'

by reid_simp

Summary

Alana finds encephalitis-riddled Will in his bed after three days of not answering his phone. Enough is enough for her.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will hears the front door open after a series of knocks, and an increasing number of barks from the dogs. He feels like he's sinking into the mattress under him, like if he keeps sinking, he'll never stop.

"Will?" Alana's voice cracks through the mess and fog in his head.

He can feel his head burning, like there's a real fire in his brain, melting him from the inside. "Will? You left the door unlocked." She sounds awfully concerned. Will takes a slow blink, eyes almost refusing to open again, and tries to focus on her blurry figure. Somehow he can see the furrowed brows as she gets closer, sitting on the side of his bed, reaching out to his forehead. He automatically flinches away but can barely move.

"Goodness me," she whispers upon feeling his forehead. "They caught Abel Gideon, Will. Jack got there in time." Will is grateful for her filling him in because he knows Abel would be looking for her. He must be caught or dead if Alana isn't being protected.

"Mmmm good..." Will slurs in a whisper that almost doesn't come out. "Can... can- w... water?" Last time he tried to speak, it wasn't as bad as this. It was his last appointment with Hannibal a few days ago. He's had many angry messages on his phone from Jack since then, making sure he knows what he's missing, that if they don't catch Gideon because of him there'll be lives on his hands. It's interesting how that's always what Jack uses – doesn't threaten to fire him or anything – just lets him know how many lives he saves every day, and makes sure he knows how good he is at the job.

He must've stopped focusing on the world because Alana is helping him sit up and lean against the wall behind him, and pushing a glass of water against his lips. He wants to argue he can do it himself but doesn't have the strength to speak or move his hands anywhere near close enough. "I'm not having this anymore. I don't care what Jack says. I'm taking you to a hospital and we are sorting this out."

Will doesn't have the energy to argue, just finding himself nodding slightly and allowing her to wrap his arm around her shoulder and pull him up to what he couldn't describe as standing, because that would be too generous to the stance he takes. He's grateful that Alana is strong enough to hold him up, though some of that can be blamed on his lack of eating for quite some time, making his fatigue worse and therefore his ability to help Alana get him to her car.

It's a long time before she can get him to the passenger seat, at which point she promises to be back soon, rushing back into the house and returning soon with packs of ice from his freezer.

It hurts like pins when she puts the ice on his lap and shoulders, and his head leans automatically onto the window, breath hitching as she holds the ice down. He can tell she's worried he'll try to pry them off, but he can hardly move now. Everything feels wrong, like he's trying to wade through cement. He briefly looks into the rear-view mirror, but Hobbs' face stares back at him, so he snaps back to his house getting smaller as Alana reverses away, then disappearing as she turns around.

He snaps back to himself in a hospital bed, Alana next to him. He's lost time again. Some sort of seizures, these are. His eyes twitch as he struggles to connect his body with his brain. “-going to take you for another MRI, just to be sure.”

“Wh... what?” He understands what she’s saying, vaguely, but has no context. “What’s going on?”

“What do you mean?”

“How... how long have I- I been here?” Alana looks awfully concerned, and Will feels immediately terrible for asking.

“Just a couple of hours. They’re trying to get the fever under control, so it doesn’t leave any lasting damage. Hannibal is on his way; I thought you’d want him here. I'm trying to keep Jack away, but he’ll be here at some point and-” She pauses, eyebrows crossing once again. “I’ve told you all this, Will. What’s going on?”

“I’m... I’m losing time.” He pauses. “Hannibal knows...”

“Well as long as Hannibal knows!” She doesn’t mean it as a rude remark particularly. “This is bigger than therapy, Will. You should have told us, and we could’ve helped you. It didn’t need to get this bad.”

“’m sorry...” God, he’s exhausted.

When Hannibal arrives, Will almost sighs in relief. He brings with him soup, because Alana had told him he’d been practically malnourished. He hadn’t been able to get out of bed in days.

“It’s awful you’re here, Will.” He sits in the chair Alana has abandoned in favour of searching for some coffee, and leans back comfortably. “It’s nice to see you, though I wish it was under better circumstances.”

“Jack is mad.”

“He’s not mad now he knows what’s wrong. Will, you were frying your brain. You should have called an ambulance. Or at least one of us. God, if Alana had come a day later, then... well, who knows?”

End Notes

i'm really trying to catch up, I swear! i am so determined to finish this thing!

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